Play To Your Strengths

Pondering the future, I found myself aimlessly clicking around on links I'd saved to my desktop. Scrolling through a print on demand site I've considered for merchandising, a T-shirt design sparked an intense and hopefully fortuitous mental scene:

A woman, outwardly stressed, fiftyish, deep lines in her not exactly thin face, is sitting in the cold at the tables outside the Thirsty Turtle. She is alone, frowning into the assembled empty glassware. I happen to dump myself into a icy metal framed chair on the other side of the patio. Having had exactly enough change assembled for a four pack of peach flavored cigars usually only purchased for their wrappers at the adjoining independently owned convenience store, my feet sought respite before the not hurried journey back to where my backpack and guitar bag are stashed. Startled by the noise, she slowly raises her head, then squints, then blinks dramatically several times.

Dumping her purse's contents in the manner of someone who has consumed more than some alcoholic beverages recently, the sliding of metallic objects across same fills a minute. Swiping the known number of coins into a empty (mostly) pint glass, she repositions her body to be directly across from mine at the tiny table nearest the dark grassy area between the businesses and the row of backyards facing.

"Excuse me," she says, voice barely containing the awed reverence a child might feel in the presence of a priest or a bishop, "but .... but your shirt. I've never, I mean, that....that's brilliant! To advertise like that. You're quite creative...."

"Yeah. I realized what I was good for early on. Why fight nature, right? Seems like a future of misery, surely, to ignore God-given talent."

"Are you....I mean...." dialogue aimed directly at my chest. The walk to this location has increased my blood pressure substantially - I walk to go places - and my zippered hoodie is draped over the back of the ice cold chair. Our breath is visible in the night. Even though her words hit my sternum, I watch myself - surely not the only one watching by now - look down and inhale sharply, causing her exhaled moisture to be artfully consumed by my desire to do so.

She mouths the words screen printed before her: Life is short. Eat cookies.

"Very much wisdom to live by," I smile. Both of us make the same change in body posture, spreading our thighs wide and reclining slightly back, causing both sets of knees to solidly, firmly, deliberately, warmly contact.

Clanking of empties at the table she formerly hosted solo. We are the only persons not inside. The woman orders another round of beers and shots for both herself and her new drinking partner on her tab and asks if they'll let her know when last call is, because, yes, that's a future engagement not to be missed. More should we finish before.

A cupful of stringent foam and monies is set before me as a sacrifice to an altar.

"All I have in cash is $18.45. Is that enough?" Her dark eyes are liquid saucers reflecting the near full moonlight.

"Yes, but only right now, as in, right now. Is this something you desire...." leaning forward, hands strong and firm so as not to tickle, awakening bloodflow in her freezing legs directed towards the center where they meet. "Right now?"

"aaaHH...."

When I'm finished, I inform her this service came with a bonus:

She can tell everyone that she paid a homeless man to eat her pussy.

A late evening spent well. Client and crowd pleasing, generating more work both immediate and near immediate.

Hi. My name is Michael Patrick Mackenzie and I am in San Antonio, Texas. I am 47, Caucasian, blue eyes, shaven head and face.

I will eat your pussy for $18.45USD, no tax. There will not be a juvenile line involving tips here, however, one may use this opportunity to determine that I do not, as a policy, carry change.

I have been practicing, though not professionally, for twenty-nine years. For legal purposes, it is stated that, of course, a pussy may be referred to as properly eaten upon the sexual climax of the pussy owner, also known as orgasm. There will be no silly debates about whether or not the client has, in fact, achieved orgasm. It will be apparent to all parties involved.

Speaking of parties, yes, I am available. Funerals as well. It is not important if anyone knows the deceased. Quite a goth scene we have here in SA.

I do not have transportation.

You will have to come to me.